

# after hours

Vol. 1, No. 4  
50 CENTS



• 12 PAGES OF ANITA ECKBERG, BETTIE PAGE AND  
EVE MEYER • FAMOUS TV BLOOPERS

## SEXY SCIENCE FICTION

After grueling hours slaving on a Hollywood sound stage, MONSTERS OF DISTINCTION relax with a pretty girl and her copy of AFTER HOURS. Oblivious to whose (or what's) lap she's sitting on is beautiful screen star Lori Nelson, heroine of "The Day the World Ended", with her beast friend, Paul Blaisdell. In real life Paul is a top magazine illustrator specializing in Science Fiction stories.

This brings us to the subject of our folia section this issue; without further fanfare we call your attention to the SCIENCE FICTION FOLIO which begins on Page 8 and contains a fantastic collection of articles, fiction and photo stories that will take you right out of this world. And to bring you back to earth we have wisely included photo spreads on such flesh-and-blood subjects as Anita Eckberg and Eve Meyer.

If your home contains a television set don't fail to read the article on Page 26, entitled THOSE HILARIOUS TV BLOOPERS. For the Bohemian set we have a photo story on two recent artist-attended shindigs, and finally this issue we present the first group of winning AFTER HOURS LIMERICKS. Reader, have a ball!



## after hours COVER GIRL



ANITA ECKBERG, Sweden's lady ambassador of feminine splendor, is the subject of a study by our raving photographer on the Paramount movie lot. The results are shown in the pictorial that starts on Page 34. Currently pursuing the career of a Hollywood movie queen, Anita continues to reign as Glamour Goddess of our time.

# after hours

Vol. 1, No. 4

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THE  
LADY  
EVE



HUMOR  
OF  
OTHER  
WORLDS



FOUR  
PAGES  
OF  
BETTIE



HOLLY-  
WOOD  
BEASTS



CAMERA  
AND  
FIGURE



**N**OT too much should be said for Eve Meyer. By this we mean that in the case of Eve Meyer, one picture is worth a thousand words. And rather than throw a few thousands words around we have asked Russ Meyer—Eve's photographer husband—to demonstrate both his skill behind a lens and Eve's ability to assume a mood of quiet, yet exciting beauty.



**O**UR hats are off to Eve and Russ—a truly great team in the glamour photography league.

**after hours with EVE MEYER**





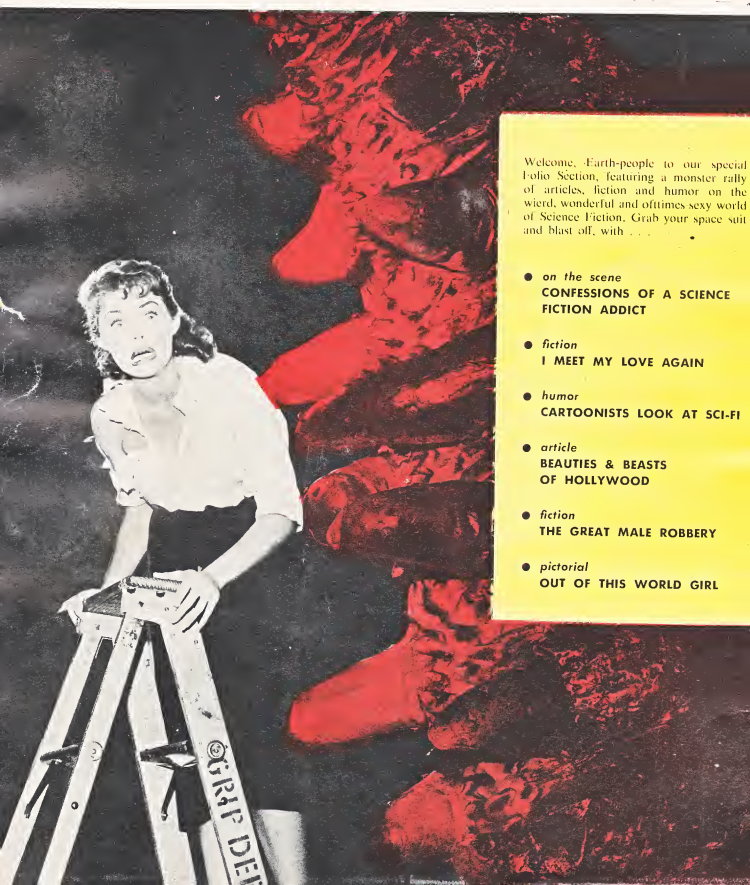
CONTINUED



**after hours** with **EVE MEYER**



# SCIENCE FICTION FOLIO

A black and white photograph of a woman with a surprised expression, looking upwards. She is holding a large, vintage-style camera on a tripod. The camera's leg has the text "Grip De" visible. In the background, a large, textured, red, alien-like head with a long snout looms out of a dark, starry space.

Welcome, Earth-people to our special Folio Section, featuring a monster rally of articles, fiction and humor on the wierd, wonderful and oftentimes sexy world of Science Fiction. Grab your space suit and blast off, with . . .

- *on the scene*  
**CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENCE FICTION ADDICT**
- *fiction*  
**I MEET MY LOVE AGAIN**
- *humor*  
**CARTOONISTS LOOK AT SCI-FI**
- *article*  
**BEAUTIES & BEASTS OF HOLLYWOOD**
- *fiction*  
**THE GREAT MALE ROBBERY**
- *pictorial*  
**OUT OF THIS WORLD GIRL**



# CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENCE FICTION ADDICT



by **FORREST J ACKERMAN**

**I** GOT the habit when I was 9. For 31 years I been tryin' to kick it, but it always kicks back. Yeah, man, that's the story of my life: I get a kick out of science fiction.

It could happen to you.

I got my first fix in '26, a blast in the arm that was a mixture of amazing adventure and romanticized science from a trio of pen-men named Julie, Ed and "HG". Jules was French, the oldest of the three, and an egghead like H.G. His last name, as I recall, was Verne; Herh's was Wells. Ed, short for Edgar—his last name was Burroughs and he had a funny middle one, Raec or Rice—Ed was an egg-layer, leastwise 'a lot of his gals were. He told tall yarns about Princesses of Mars, which planet he called Barsoom, and you won't believe this, but his babes were real chicks in the sense of the word that when they had babies they actually laid 'em neatly wrapped up in shells!

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

**R**ECENTLY *AFTER HOURS* conducted an extensive search to find the country's greatest living authority on Science Fiction, so that we could con him into writing an article for us in return for a free subscription. After months of exploration we found that all roads led to the home of a Forrest J Ackerman in Hollywood, California. This seemed like a logical place for the habitat of a Science Fiction fan, so we contacted Mr. Ackerman.

Almost immediately we discovered that Mr. Ackerman is not only the foremost authority on Science Fiction in America, but has been described as, among other things, "The World's Most Famous Science Fiction Personality." "Forry" (as he is called by his thousands of fans throughout the universe) eats, sleeps, lives, breathes and writes Science Fiction, and has been doing this for the past 31 of his 40 years. He is a literary agent who specializes in selling Science Fiction stories to magazines, motion pic-

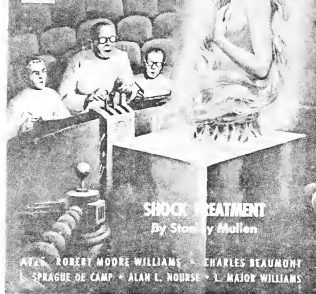
Crazy! I been tryin' to remember all day (1926 is a long time away) whether they came wrapped in blue for boys and pink for girls . . . And I often wondered whatever became of Ed; last I heard he was soothing his jungled nerves in Africa with some Jane named Tarzan.

I'll bet to most of you readers 1926 is just an ancient date in a history book, but (and sometimes I wonder how this was possible) I was *alive* then. If you could call it living. Oh, we had movies—"flickers"—but they didn't talk, and you couldn't see Lollobrigida's bust in 140 feet of Skine-mascope and blushing Sexicolor. We didn't even have double features yet, like Sophia Loren. There was no TV,

tures, television, etc. He has missed attending only one World Science Fiction Conference in the past 18 years, and that year he was in London at the First International shindig. He has a collection of over 5,000 books and 10,000 magazines (all Science Fiction) that he keeps in his home, and occasionally runs through them barefoot. These are just a few reasons why he is called "Mr. Science Fiction."

Aside from being a Sei-Fi hug Forry is an extremely clever and fascinating guy. A confirmed non-conformist, he is an odd mixture of the poetical and the impractical. His personal friends range from the elite of Hollywood to novice Sei-Fi fans in Tokyo, Japan. He doesn't smoke, drink, hunt, fish, gamble, dance or care to contribute progeny to posterity. Besides Science Fiction he loves Paris, Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak, Bettie Page and *AFTER HOURS*. As a matter of fact, when we tried to give him a subscription on the house—he completely flipped us by announcing that he already had one.

if



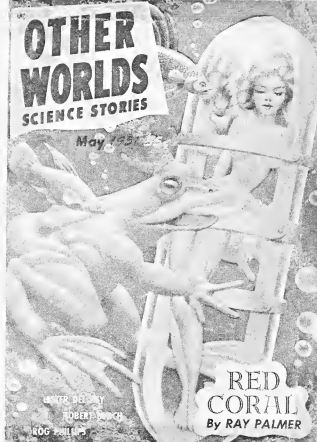
"I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!" could be this long-haired conroy's theme song—IF she had a voice to warble with. While her look of a kisser definitely would be missed at Post Office parties, many modern males would consider a dame without a yok-box ideal. No chatter-cheesecake she, Miss Cyclaps.

no Eve Meyer, no calypso, no Anita Ekberg, no jukeboxes, no Jayne Mansfield, no dream ear designs, no Madeline Castle, no \$64,000 Question, no Lili St. Cyr, no hallpoint pens, no Marilyn Monroe, no Art Students Ball, no rock 'n' roll, no Pogo, no hikinis, no—well, there were lots of things that there weren't. Worst of all, probably, was the fact that *there wasn't any AFTER HOURS!* Lucky science fiction came along just at that time to make life bearable.

It all began with *Amazing Stories*, this thing that a generation later we call "sci-fi." *Amazing* was the first science fiction magazine, and in April 1926 you could have bought its nearly 200 large size pages for a quarter—a first edition collector's item that today catalogs for around \$50. The magazine is still being published, and its current editor recently sold one of his own stories from its pages to the movies: "The Cosmic Frame," which will be marquee'd as *The Attack of the Saucer Men*.

There were some pretty hot contributors to those early years of *Amazing*: Jules Verne with his "Trip to the Center of the Earth" and "Rohur the Conqueror," HG Wells with "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds" and "When the Sleeper Wakes"; and other names well known today such as Edgar Allan Poe, Curt Siodmak, Ray Cummings and Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Incidentally, for the records, Buck Rogers was born in the pages of *Amazing* in August 1928. He was known as Anthony Rogers at the time, in the story "Armageddon —2419 A.D." His creator, Phil Nowlan, is now dead, but Nowlan's character lives on. In introducing the story, the



SKIN DIVING ANYONE? Now here's a birthday suity cutie with skin worth diving for! A Lady Ga Diva of the deep, and who needs her sea-horse? May be something fishy about this lang-legged mermaid, she she's got us hooked with baited breath.

editor enthused: "We have rarely printed a story in this magazine that for scientific interest, as well as suspense, could hold its own with this particular story. We prophesy that this story will become more valuable as the years go by. It certainly holds a number of interesting prophecies, of which no dohut, many will come true." In World War II, G. I. Joe fought with one of the "crazy Buck Rogers" inventions: the not-so-crazy rocketgun known as the *bazooka* . . .

TIME rocketed on, and new titles came to join the lone spacewolf at the newsstands. *Amazing* had a double-thick companion every three months in *Amazing Quarterly*, and rivals in *Science Wonder*, *Air Wonder*, *Amazing (Scientific) Detective*, *Astonishing*, and (the short-lived) *Miracle*. *Weird Tales* too printed pseudo-science fiction. Radio ran serials about "Ooomamarooloo," the mysterious woman from Mars, and Poppa Poppavitch, had mad scientist. As the 20s drew to a close, the silver screen had pictured a prehistoric monster running amok in London (*The Lost World* by Conan Doyle), a melodrama of a marvelous robot in a 21st century Cosmopolis with skyscrapers a mile high (METROPOLIS), a subsea civilization in Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island," and a trip to Earth's satellite in the German import, *Girl in the Moon*.

In 1930, the first British All-Talking Picture was a prophecy of the world of 1940. The same year, Fox Studios (which was yet to become 20th Century-Fox, and eventually 21st Century) made a memorable musically of a flight to Mars in 1980, *Just Imagine*. In the latter, J-21 & L.N-18, a boy and girl of 1980, were showing



AS LONG AS the spaceway villain gives them a hot time, this pair of 1999 nudists is in no danger of catching cold.



LOOKS LIKE the brunet Brigida is about to lose her head, at least her abundant crop of hair. We have it on reliable authority that the Oriental butcher boy with the big knife is the Infamous China Clipper.

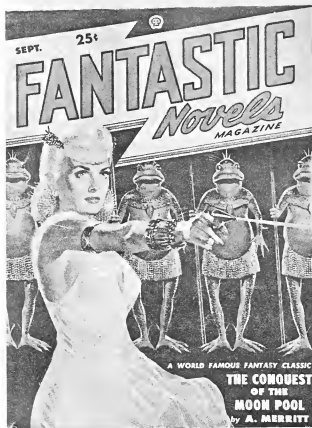
Single-O, a survivor from 1930 who had been unconscious for 50 years, the technological advances of their scientific era. Inserting a coin in a device that looked like a combination between a jukebox and a pinball machine, they pressed a button and a couple of pills popped out. One, they explained to him, was steak, the other apple pie. After he had swallowed both, they asked him how he enjoyed his meal. "The steak was a little tough," he reported ruefully. "Give me the good old days." Another button was pressed, another miracle of speed and compaction wrought before the eyes of the visitor from the past, who only shook his head and repeated. "Give me the good old days." Finally, the couple demonstrated the modern method of producing children. Preselecting the infant's sex, they pulled a lever and down a slide slid a freshly-diapered brand-new "hundle of joy." The man from the past looked aghast and with a newfound and heartfelt expression said for the third time what he had said originally: "GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD DAYS!" This was daring and risque dialog a quarter of a century ago, and it fractured the audiences.

Several years later when the world went out that a film was to be made of Philip Wylie's *GLADIATOR*, science fiction fans familiar with its very virile superman hero and his sexy performances everywhere from canoes to bedroom cots, wondered how the picture'd get past the Hays Office—the cinema censorship bureau of the time. The answer was simple: instead of a serious scientific film they made a slapstick scientifiarce, a not-so-wily treatment of the Wylie novel that bore little resemblance to the

original. "The Last Man On Earth" fared better when it was made as a musicomedy called *It's Great to Be Alive*, with the world's sole male survivor of the man-destroying *masculitis* being a premium priority piece of beefcake on the female market. The most beautiful women in all the world came before Mr. Lucky, as slaves before a Sultan, to bid for his favor. And when you've got about a billion women to pick from, this can become a problem . . .

SCIENCE fiction is maybe too dry for your taste? All equations and formulas and no sex? Whoever told you that! And: don't you believe it. Take *The Black Flame*, for instance, a novel by Stan Weinbaum, from another of whose works the recent *She-Devil* was filmed. Margaret of Urbs—called Black Margot—invincible and ruthless ruler of the world some centuries hence. Poets sing of her: "Glorious? Superb? None of these can name the splendor of the ebon flame. Exotic, erotic; a princess of passion: "a black flame blowing cold across the world," kindling cauldrons of lava in the hearts of men, feared and hated by women of lesser beauty, ageless and immortal, demon-driven and riding roughshod across dangerous hills and perilous plains toward the unknown horizons of tomorrow.

Or take the strange case of *The Four-Sided Triangle*. The 4-sided what?—Yes, you read right. The age old case of two men in love with the same girl. But does one man shoot his rival, wait for the honeymoon to run its course to divorce; does the girl commit suicide, or go off with a third guy? No, none of these ordinary fiction solutions, for remember, this is *science* fiction, where the magician pulls a *rocketship* rather than a rabbit out of the



**BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS:** Four fragskins for Blandie? We'd say she's worth a million. Someone offstage is obviously getting a blast out of her; as for ourselves, we caught a frog in our throat just gulping at her gorgeous face and figure. (It figures!)

hat. The sci-fi answer to the dilemma is a kind of have-you-coke-and-drink-it-too solution, where the girl gets made twice. Or, rather, perhaps it better be explained another way: she is duplicated. An extra is made of the girl. Like two kewpie dolls can be made from one mold, well, a second real live doll is made. It's an invention. Money can be duplicated, everything. Only if you think that's the end of the story and the quartet walk happily into the sunset, you've got no idea of the surprises in store for you if you get a hold of the pocketbook. It's a Galaxy novel.

Remember the song, "I'm My Own Grandma?" Once upon a time there was an S.F. story about a crazy mixed-up kid who became her own daughter! This weird state of affairs came about in approximately the following manner: A time machine is an imaginary device that, instead of transporting you like an auto, train or plane from one place to another, moves you from one *time* to another. I like say ahead to 1984, or back to 1492. In this case this woman went back from the present time to about 25 years before, married a man, had a daughter, died, and the daughter grew up to become the woman who went back into the past, married a man, had a daughter . . . etc. If anybody understands how this could be, send your explanation to the editor and win a free trip to the Year 2000, but don't expect to come back, this offer is for a Limited Time Only.

Then there was this Venusian dish, named Nyssa, and a spaceman met up with her when she bumped into him in the dark in a big hurry to escape a crowd of ruffians who were after her for some reason or other. The spaceman is quite startled in the black of night (Venus has no moon) to feel that the girl who has run into his arms is quite naked. He is even more startled, when he gets her safely to a room and turns on the light, to find he's rescued a beautiful bundle of . . . nothing! This was a yarn I collaborated on myself some years ago called "Nymph of Darkness." More recently I did one called "The Naughty Venusienne" in which once again the heroine, this time named Nyvonnasse, is invisible.

Science fiction is full of fascinating women, so much so in fact that I am presently putting together an anthol ogy about out-of-this-world wenches called WOMEN OF WONDER. There is plenty to wonder about at the women of science fiction. For one thing, for the first 20 years or so of their existence they must have had kidneys of concrete, because it wasn't till about 10 years ago that one finally broke down for the first time and had to go to the Little Girls Powder Room (on a spaceship yet)! But, mundane matters aside, in sci-fi you'll meet some of the most sightful sirens imaginable, Shanara, Yvalla, Norhala, Aetna, Aladotee. These glamorous females from other worlds and other times may have such added attractions as wings, fms, tails or even an additional mammary gland!

Veddy Briddish (NEW WORLDS is an English sci-fi mag) but worth shilling out for, eh wot? That's a Zip-Zaggar that Baby Doll is strolling down the futuristic dragstrip. This girl of tomorrow is a gal with a choice chassis, a Chickie who definitely wouldn't be seen in last year's MG.





(that's a breast, huster, in case you're the kind who prefers to call a spade a spade); but whatever that certain something extra is that distinguishes them from everyday women, you may depend upon it that their enchanting faces and flawless figures would send Kim Novak, Ava Gardner, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Brosmer, Lily Christine and all the movie stars and pinup girls scampering to their masseuses and make-up men. Outside of the hey-boy men's mags, there is more pulchritudinous epidermis per square inch displayed in the action-adventure brand of science fiction than any other category of story. Just watch out for the women who can read men's minds, altho with the kind of cuties in their birthday suits that many authors (myself included) write about, they don't have to be telepathic to tell what's on the villain's mind—or the hero's either, for that matter.

Not that I am saying science fiction is the sexiest reading matter on the stands today, or that sci-fi stories are just an excuse (so who needs an excuse?) to introduce a scantily-clad girl in the plot. Plenty of women keep their clothes on in these imaginative tales and yet manage to be fascinating. In the pages of today's sci-fi magazines you'll find lots of serious, solid, literary, thought-provoking stories. The kind I, personally, like most and would recommend to anyone looking for the *best* in science fiction, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein, Gore Vidal and Philip Wylie are among the respected names in science fiction. From shorts to serialized novels, s.f. works have been featured in SATURDAY EVENING POST, BLUEBOOK, ESQUIRE, in fact all of the top-notch national magazines. Several years ago LIFE devoted 8 pages to saying good things about science fiction. Hard cover hooks have been devoted to the topic, NBC has given it an hour long accolade over the air lines, Walt Disney—but there is no need to list the long line of acceptance science fiction has had in latter years. The apprentice years of apology for the subject are long in the past.

There are SHANES in western films that stand gun and holster above the common breed just as there are SIANS in science fiction that soar beyond the stars. You'll find full measure of treasure on the asteroids, flying saucers from Sirius, invasions from Arcturus, prison riots on Pluto, wars of the sexes, Frankenstein monsters, the rape of the Solar System; Queens of Atlantis, the center of the Earth, Mars and the Year One Million; heroes and heroines by the hundreds of incredible adventures from here to Infinity.

Did you know that a sci-fi yarn bylined by Mickey Spillane sold out one of the largest editions of an s.f. mag ever published? (The tale was called "The Veiled Woman.") John Steinbeck has just brought out a kind of science fiction hook, a short novel about the near future called "The Short Reign of Pippin IV."

What about the people who *read* science fiction? Are they screwballs, eightballs, rebels without a cause? Tonguetied, wall-eyed wall-flowers? Four-eyed 97 lb. weaklings who couldn't woo a 3-dimensional girl if they knew one? Or professors with brains sticking out their ears?

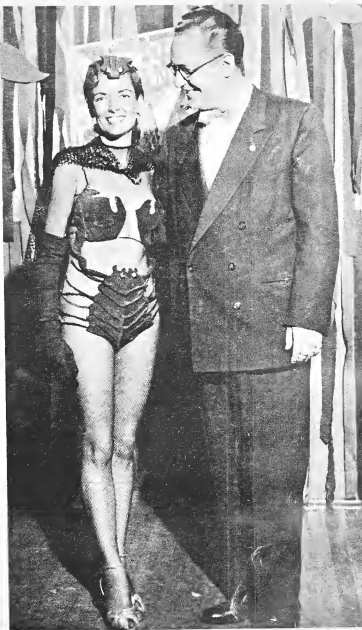
Well, John Payne, you may have caught a few of this star's movies, but he was a science fiction fan for many years.

Rita Hayworth is a regular reader.

John Barrymore. It is about as great an enthusiast about the field as his dad was an actor. And of course there's Orson Welles.

Some science fiction readers (and writers) have as many kids as I didie Cantor. Others drink beer, play poker and chase skirts.

Marla English, but for a fluke of fate, would have been



THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, Forrest J. (King Leer) Ackerman, shown with Jerri Ellers at a recent Wide Open Interplanetary Spices Party held in Hollywood.

crowned Miss Sci-Fi of the Pacific coast in '52.

Out in L.A. there's an s.f. club that's held weekly meetings nonstop for 22 years, racking up the impressive total of over 1000 meetings, and the membership (which incidentally has got a clean bill of health from the FBI) consists of Dean-agers to Jack Benny-agers of many nationalities, including many couples with children—and grandchildren. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, chefs, teachers, students, artists, businessmen and busboys—everybody enjoys science fiction. Hi-fi fans, sports car to custom car enthusiasts, opera-goers to soap opera lovers, in short, PEOPE of all sorts dig science fiction the most.

If you are a people, you too may do the sci-fi flip. It's wilder, much wilder, than you like stories that are really out-of-this-world, try mixing some sci-fi in with your *ALL THINGS* reading!

# I MEET MY LOVE AGAIN

## I MEET MY LOVE AGAIN

by ARTHUR PORGES

### *A bizarre and unusual story— for readers who favor the weird*

I HAD been in my grave a year before I knew for certain that I had won—that my will had triumphed over death itself.

From the moment my body collapsed under the poison administered to me by Fred Mason and my wife, Gloria, I had fought with all the power of my incomparable mind.

As a research mathematician, I have never had an equal, and my papers have made the most capable of my rivals unhappy with their work. When to the marked superiority of such a mind, you add the iron of an indomitable will, nothing is impossible of accomplishment.

I died—at least, so far as the world is concerned—exactly three minutes and nine seconds after swallowing the lethal dose. The stop-watch of my mind recorded the interval as it has always done, without conscious effort on my part.

My death was carefully planned. The subtle alkaloid, almost undetectable, my weak heart, a superannuated family physician—they all made the murder absurdly easy.

But the criminals, despite their precautions, were guilty of a fatal oversight: they underestimated the capabilities of a unique brain, rigorously trained by years of the most exacting research.

I refused to die. It was as simple as that. Although my heart stopped, and my dead muscles began to lock with rigor mortis, and my eyes were blankly staring, I—the real I—knew all that went on about me. When they gloated over their successful crime, looking down at me contemptuously: he with an arm about her waist, and she—with those provocative sidelong glances back up at him—I heard their complacent voices.

It is no use to tell me my nerves died, that the little electrochemical cells of my body were discharged, so that no sound could pass my ears—I heard.

Had I remained unburied for a few more hours, subject to the insistent stimuli of light and sound, I could have triumphed sooner over the mere physical infirmities of my corpse. But it took time to mobilize my powers, and it was not until after my hasty burial, when I lay in a coffin under several feet of damp earth, that I first made an unwilling muscle twitch under the drive of my savagely-urged will.

For twelve interminable months, trapped by the resistant wood, I fought against the slow decay, the increasing slackness, the ego's plea to surrender and be at peace.

Finally I knew that I had won: that the year-old corpse with its glazed eyes, horribly sunken face, and strange tumors puffing its limbs, was again mastered by my will, and would concede nothing further to the agents of dissolution.

So much having been accomplished, there remained the problem of escape from the coffin. Although cheap

and flimsy, it had not weathered sufficiently in a single year to give way under the feeble thrusts of my atrophying muscles.

The heavy rains of the next two summers did what my weak instrument could not. Under the soaked loam, teeming with bacterial life, the boards of my casket gradually warped, so that three years after the murder, my corpse driven by my implacable will, tore through the weakened structure.

The family plot where I had been buried lies some two hundred yards from the house, and as I emerged from the wet earth tonight, I could see the building's familiar outline sharp against a full moon, and knew that the final settlement was near.

How I saw the house I cannot say, for at times I peered through the glazed, toggled eyes of the corpse, while at others I seemed above the lurking body, guiding it towards my former home.

Such flickering, vague glimpses as I had on my own remains convinced me that my vengeance would be adequate. I noted, for example, that in clawing upward through several feet of gritty, loose earth, the jellied flesh of my fingers had peeled away, leaving the pale bones bare.

Slowly I urged my almost unmanageable body towards the solarium study of Mason Long before I reached the room, I knew he was there, and that the outer door to the garden was open to admit the rain-washed air.

My corpse shamled silently in, oozing an unspeakable slime, and unable to progress further upon its ruined feet, dropped to all fours, still memorably stalking the man bent over the desk, deeply absorbed in his work.

He became aware, finally, of a presence behind him. Perhaps the odor of the grave reached his nostrils there in the cozy room. The ravaged face of the corpse brushed his hand where it dangled casually over the arm-rest. Apparently believing the cold, wet contact that of his dog's nose, he patted the head with abstracted approval. Then his whole body stiffened as the unfamiliar texture drew him from a pleasant reverie. Slowly, as of some inner alarm bell sounded a terrible warning to his guilty spirit, he turned his head. As he did so, I flung the full power of my mind down the resistant nerves to the rotten muscles, and the creeping thing rose to meet him, its fleshless fingers groping. I even pitied the murderer faced with such retribution.

Yet his death was comparatively merciful. No human of his caliber could possibly live in sanity after grappling with that appalling thing come from a three years' grave to seek him. A man of real courage could have broken the feeble cadaver as easily as one shatters a pull-hall. But not he; with a single bubbling shriek he sprang up—



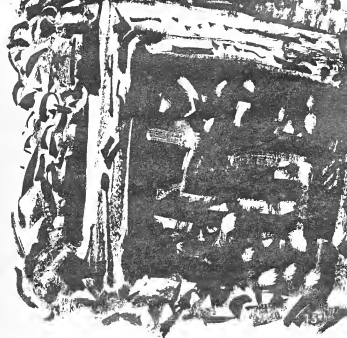
right, eyes rolling in his chalky face, and then fell dead with heart failure.

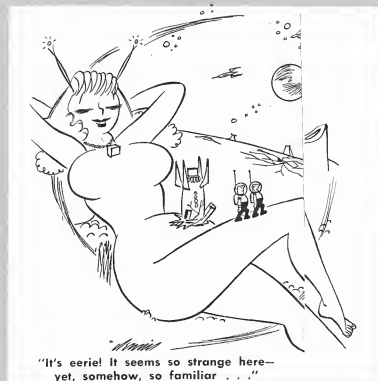
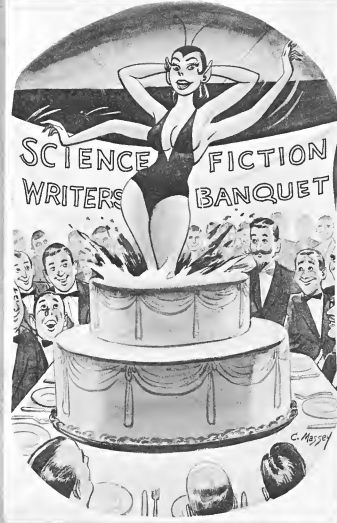
—or my body, for I cannot really distinguish—have written this while sitting at the desk. I am waiting to complete my revenge. Gloria should be home soon.

Perhaps I should spare her, since she was once everything to me. Yet the iron logic of my mind forces me to serve the ends of justice. She is evil, and doubly so in turning on one who worked always for her good; who overlooked her petty spites and cheap affairs; her greediness and selfish arrogance. No, she must make reparation—in full.

No man can resist a beautiful woman, and surely Gloria is the most lovely woman I have ever seen. But I am no longer a man, and what I do will not be done because of her feminine appeal. No man can resist Gloria when she chooses to charm—except a man dead three years at her hand.

When she returns, I shall be hiding behind the door. I shall greet her as a long-absent husband should—with a lingering kiss upon the mouth. ▲





"It's aerie! It seems so strange here—  
yet, somehow, so familiar . . ."



"You mean to say this is *all* you brought back?!"

## The Cartoonists Look at SCIENTIFIC FICTION



"Honest, Oommmah. You're different from  
other girls I know —"



"He looks like he could stare a hole right through you."



"Tentacles up!"



"... And who sent you, Dearie?"



SHALL I SCREAM OR LOOK FOR A MONKEY-WRENCH? This wolf in space clothes has a gleam in his eyes as he pursues Joan Taylor, young rocket research scientist. Trouble is, poor Joan can't find his eye to put out the gleam—in EARTH VS. FLYING SAUCERS.

THE ANT THAT SWALLOWED THE WORLD...  
MONSTER WITHOUT A CAUSE... ROCKET  
N' ROLL... FRANKENSTEIN GOES CALYPSO...  
TOM SWIFT MEETS MIKE WALLACE... THE WOLF  
WITH A THOUSAND HANDS... I WAS A TEENAGE  
BEAST WITH A BILLION EYES... THE SHRINK-  
ING GIANT... THE SHRINKING VIOLET...  
SHRIKE, SON OF SHRINK... AND THE INCREDIBLE  
SHE-SEAT MONSTER FROM 20,000 LEAGUES  
UNDER THE BLACK LAGOON RETURNS TO  
FATHOM THE INVISIBLE THING-CREATURE  
FROM OUTER SPACE.  
...ET. SON OF THAT

The foregoing are—at least at the time of writing—purely imaginary titles. But you never tell what Hollywood may announce tomorrow. Anything can happen, and undoubtedly will, in a world where Bela Lugosi can make a posthumous appearance in a flying saucer film introducing Vampira, and entitled "Grave Robbers from Outer

Space"; and pictures have been announced for production, or already played, called "Fire Maidens from Space," "Green Planet Sram" (Mars spelled backward, scripted by silver screen siren Yvonne De Carlo), "The Undead Masses" and "Godzilla Raids Again"—not to overlook (high time and small wonder) "The Day the Earth Went Out of Its Mind!"

Filled with righteous indignation, critics from New Yorker to Old Yorker, often line up attacks against such people, excoriating them as "scientiflegm to be cleared from the throat before naming in the same breath the scientific words of the name as THINGS TO COME, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, DESTINATION MOON, METROPOLIS, THE LOST WORLD, KING KONG, FORBIDDEN PLANET AND THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL." But, the pleased producers and exhibitors of such box-office bait as "Attack of the Flying Saucers" and "The Mole People" joke and pat each other

Continued on next page

**SCREAMOSCOPE IS HERE!**

*Horrorama • Vistaviolence  
Tarantula Color!!!*

NEW WRINKLE IN FACES. But let's face it: a kisser like that would scare even a TARANTULA (of which this is a photo from the film of the same name). Na wonder this scientist is mad: you'd be mad too if your face began melting like wax in a Fahrenheit factory.

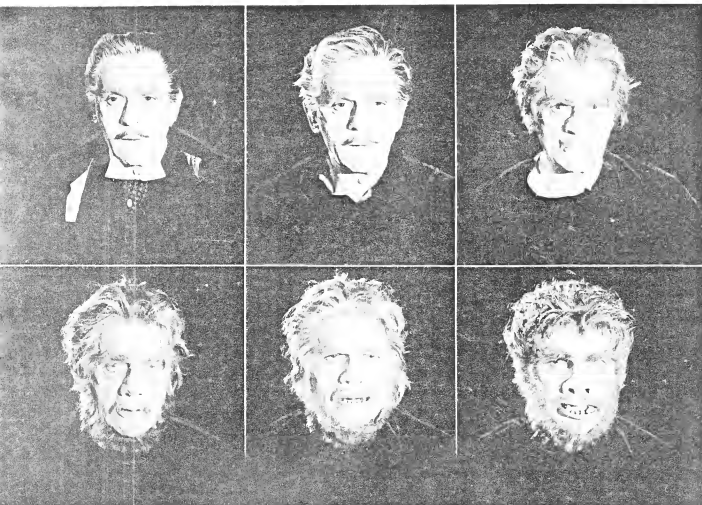




HAND OUT. He's got his eye on her—his only eye—has giant DR. CYCLOPS, as he gives the little girl a Great Big Hand. This is from the Paramount picture Universal would rather forget. Paramount shrunk a handful of people—and in Technicolor yet—back in 1940. MGM also had an entry in the dwindle derby, DEVIL DOLL. Universal's recent hit on the same topic, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, has a sequel in preparation, THE FANTASTIC SHRINKING GIRL.

on the back all the way to the bank teller's window with their bags of gold. And so another sequel is sold: "Donovan's Brain" writhes again, another giant tentacle (at \$10,000 per tentacle) is built for an octopus with an appetite for steamships. . . technical effects are readied. . . theramins and electronic tonalities tuned up. . . Hollywood producers smile in their sleep as they dream of producing more nightmares. . . and Boris Karloff removes another jar of grease paint from his deepfreeze.

While dyed-in-the-Wells science fiction collectors chew their first editions of "The Time Machine" (and wait impatiently to see it on the screen), tons of popcorn is munched by teenagers, tweenagers and hasbeenagers who get their kicks out of insects with sex (THEM, THE DEADLY MANTIS, TARANTULA, THE BLACK SCORPION, BEGINNING OF THE END), prehistoric hysterics (THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA, THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN) and maidens distressed by monsters repressed such as the Giant Ymir of 20,000,000



**HYDE AND GO SHRIEK.** Anybody here seen Dr. Jekyll? This series of six candid shots demonstrates graphically what happens to a usually mild-mannered man when he forgets to have his toasted Miltown for breakfast. From "Abbott & Castello Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde".



**TIGHT SQUEEZE.** Bet she wishes she'd learned Judo before venturing to distant planet Metaluna and meeting up with this bad-tempered brain-beast. (Universal-International)

**WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN, WILL HE?** Rex Reason seems to be enjoying a dance with the Mutant from **THIS ISLAND EARTH**, while girlfriend Faith Domergue lies this one out.



**MILES TO EARTH**, the crusty old crustaceans of **ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS**, the cumbersome cucumber number from Venus in **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD**, the tin can terror of **TARGET—EARTH!**, the albino anthropoid of **MAN-BEAST**, the starfish Saucerians of **ENEMY FROM SPACE**. . . What does this invasion of monsters portend? Where can it all end? When the zooance fiction filmmakers have exhausted the alphabetical possibilities from A to Z, we may live to see one final blaze-of-glory reprise when **THE ARMADILLO MAN MEETS THE ZEBRA GIRL**.

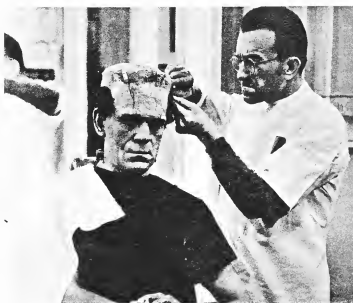
Shock-value—called *schlue*—has sock-value at the ticket wicket, and that's where sci-fi films pay off. Theater owners love those hi-fi screeches from customers who thrill to a catharsis of filmically induced fear. High school romesos like to be movie house heroes when their jittery julets scream at the screen. (Dry throats also promote soft drinks.)



**KING KONG—STILL GOING STRONG.** After four revivals in a generation—including television—the million dollar ape is still the champion charmer of them all. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll BLOW your town down!" bellows Kong as catastrophe looms on New York's sky(scraper)line. Our hapless helpless heroine is not exactly enjoying the "paws" that refreshes as she faints dead away during her Roar-Shock test. Then, as now, it takes two to Kong-a.



**BEFORE & AFTER. DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!** (or your girlfriend). Marla English, darling of the wolf-whistle set and pet of the Western sci-fi conclave of 1952, as she appears (left) in real life and (right) in reel life after a sea-change in **THE SHE-CREATURE**.



Something new has recently been added to scirentifilms: an amazing new ingredient called "shrinko." Paradoxically, "shrinko" expands box office receipts, and one Hollywood writer, author of the highly successful **INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN**, seems to have a whole new career carved out for himself in carving people down to elf-size. Getting in on the "reducing" act is **PYGMY ISLAND**. Of course eventually Hollywood will discover **THE GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM** and then we'll really be in business, atomizing in a big way.

Altho all is not quiet along the Atomie. Lately there have come rumblings from the crowd, complaining that the *shrinking women* have been going in the wrong direction. Directly to work to rectify this situation went a scenarist who came up—and up and up—with an **AMAZING AMAZON**, a glamazon of (no mean feat) 19 feet in stature. It has been predicted that Hollywood will cast Jayne Mansfield as the lead, and retitile the picture **THE FANTABULOUS PROJECTING WOMAN**, but that is beside the point. **THE IRON GOD(DESS)** is being eyed for filmization, and American-International owns a script called **COLOSSUS. THE Nih MAN** tops 'em all at two miles tall.

The kind of rahid science fiction readers who correspond with one another all over the world in everything from English to Esperanto, who form clubs and attend conventions, think there is nothing like their product for after hours entertainment in the theater. They would extrapolate the slogan "Movies Are Your Best Form of Entertainment" one step ahead to "Scientifilms Are Your Best Movie Entertainment." They hope that some day the public, themselves included, will see on the screen what they themselves have already seen on their shelves in printed form: the excitement, the glamour, the adventure, mystery, romance and wonder of the sci-fi imaginative masterpieces.

In the meantime: *Burp, Son of Bop* (or, "It Came From Inner Space").

**CRUE CUT.** Karloff gets the original bald man's butch as he prepares to essay the most monstrous of all roles, the immortal **FRANKENSTEIN**.



## THE

## GREAT

## MALE

## ROBBERY

by WEAVER WRIGHT

**T**HIS Jane was not the kind to raise a fuss on a bus. She would sit tensely in silence rather than attract any undue attention. Besides, she was lucky to get a seat during the crush hour, and the jexpress to Airwood only took 11 minutes. She would keep an oblique eye on the suspicious character next to her—and both hands locked over her lockitbook.

Just that morning at the Salon de Charme, while having her left eye brow pixied, she'd read in Walter Chellwin's column how numerous and cunning purse-snatchers were becoming. They were multiplying on the round-town ride-walks like—how had that risqué reporter put it?—*rabbis with bad habits*.

She stole a sidelong glance at the individual who had her trapped next to the window. He was hunched restlessly over the tele-tabloid built into the back of the seat in front of him, and, coincidentally, had dialed to features. Jane almost imagined she could make out Chellwin's warning on the radiant magniscreen: *These light-fingered "elevator operators" would as soon lift your purse as purse their lips, so ladies—take a tip from Warning Walter. That wolf-in-slip's clothing may not be an atomarine admiring your figure, but a light-fingered-artist in disguise, figuring on pinching not YOU but YOUR POKE!BOOK!*

Jane had close to \$2000 in her book-like purse—almost an average work's month's wages in the inflationary 1980's—and a valuable rist-radio and an expensive diamond facelet. She had no desire to lose them.

*In a crowd, theater, street-carrier or bus, guard yourself against strangers with magnetic fingers!*

The bus was burning the concrete now, as, in the company of sleek Sabres, Cadillaccolns and Arojets it revved up the ribbonway toward the suburban district. The Suspicious Char-

acter was glancing up more frequently from the newscreen, checking the pantomap overhead for his stop. As he adjusted the tele-knoh at intervals, Jane had the uneasy feeling that he contrived to brush her clenched hands. Deliberately. Dangerously. She kept them pressed tightly over her purse, like a hen protecting her brood-to-be. In her case, a small nest-egg.

Jane grew increasingly nervous. She let go her precious lockitbook long enough to reach up to her throat with one hand and pull the venetian cord on her dress. Momentarily she felt relieved as the artificial breeze in the bus ventilated her uncovered cleavage. She wore no brassiere—But, blase to such a common breast display in this derriere-oriented day, her companion evinced no untoward interest.

The bus rubbered around the hairpin curve at Skybourne Park. Yo-yo like, Jane's heart plummeted to her throat as The Suspect swerved against her rouged knees.

"Sorry, lady!" he apologized.

Jane hardly heard him because her heart had a new location: It was pounding in her ears. Pounding in her ears. All her fears, pounding in her ears.

The strain was getting too great. Even if it meant a small scene, she must act; act now.

She opened her lockitbook to remove a current popular palm-book, as tho she intended to read. In doing so she contrived to let the lockit fall to the floor.

The passenger next to her—the purse-snatching type if anyone had ever seen one—instinctively bent to retrieve her fallen container. But Jane beat him to it.

And, under the cover of the confusion, Jane simultaneously signalled the robooperator for the next stop, and adroitly whisked into the detective's exposed hip pocket, heisting his wallet. ▲



*Portrait of a woman in 1980 . . .*



## OUT OF THIS WORLD GIRL

By overwhelming popular demand we again present Miss Madeline Castle, whose photogenic features graced our center-spread a few issues back.

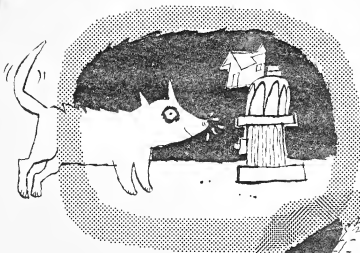
Madeline is blue-eyed, 24, 5'7" tall and an excellent swimmer. She likes modern architecture, the color pink, Sarah Vaughn, sleeping in the raw, tropical climates, and of course—Science Fiction.

When the flying saucer-men arrive we're sure they'll make it a point to look up Madeline. And we don't blame them a bit.



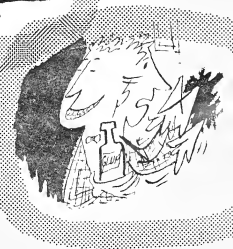
# Those Hilarious TV Bloopers

"OOPS—A MAN IN MY CLOSET!"



DOGS LOVE  
FIREPLUGS—EVEN  
ON TV!

"THIS STUFF WILL CLEAN ANY  
THING—SEE FOR YOURSELF!"



THE hour-long television play was slowly reaching its dramatic climax.

Crying hysterically, the female star rushed to the door of the house, hoping to catch a last glimpse of her departing lover.

She threw open the door—and came face to face with a startled stage-hand who was dressed in anything but the 18th century costume the script called for.

In the halcyon days of radio, writers poked fun at the "Hooheert Heever" and "fricken chickasee" bloopers, which constantly popped up

Today, more frequent—and certainly more embarrassing all the way around,—are the sight fluffs like the misplaced stage-hand that can usually be found any day on any television station.

Strangely enough, the number of TV's verbal bloopers, outstanding enough for comment have been far below those committed on radio in a similar period, possibly due to the amount of rehearsal time granted TV actors today, or the wide spread use of the Teleprompter.

But neither of these seem able to help the sight fluff.

A little bit of background is necessary to understand how visual fluffs happen.

Some insist that there's really a little man who runs around and causes video errors. One story goes that he is the ghost of a network vice president fired some years ago, while others declare him to be a genuine TV pixie who lives inside the cameras.

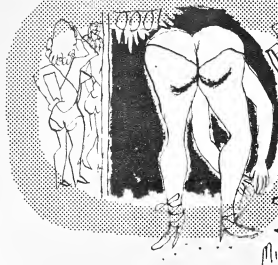
However, the real reasons are somewhat more involved.

As cameras jockey for position, change lenses or make any of the hundreds of movements necessary to televise a show, anything can happen. For

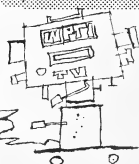


BEAUTY CONTESTS WITH  
UNHAPPY ENDINGS!

SPORTS FANS SOULDN'T  
BE HEARD!



Miller



THE QUARTERBACK FAKES OUT  
THE CAMERAMAN!

example, when a director calls for a shot by number two camera, as noted in the shooting script, he may find that number two is still focusing, or that the camera is out of position for some reason. Thus, he may stay with the camera that has the picture already, or switch to a third.

Since each camera movement is carefully noted on the script, this minor incident can throw an entire crew into confusion. Our stage hand who appeared behind the door would have been invisible to camera number two—but assumed a mighty important role when camera three was used unexpectedly.

Unexpected switching of cameras, a last minute script change for timing, better staging or a memory lapse on someone's part usually leads to things like this:

In a beauty contest being televised over a seven station network, a pretty young thing, waiting off-stage in her bathing suit, bent down to fix the decorative bow on her shoe just as the camera behind her went "live"—telecasting a side-view of the stage just over the beautifully rounded contours of the contestant's derriere.

On Playhouse 90's recent telecast of "Three Men on a Horse," jockey Billy Pearson was the master of ceremonies. He was completely at ease, smiling and seemingly enjoying his job. Then he made a slight fluff—and before the cameras were off him, he gave vent to his emotions with one of the wryest faces seen on TV outside an old Frankenstein movie.

John Cameron Swayze, one of TV's earliest successful newscasters, probably could start a restaurant with all

the "egg that's been left on his chin" (an expression used when a performer has finished on camera, and is forced to stand there because the live camera remains focused on him longer than the script calls for.)

In news programs such as the one Swayze used to do, there is hardly time for rehearsal, or a film run-through, a situation that begs for TV trouble.

In many cases, the first time the newscaster or director sees the film is when it is telecast during the show, making it extremely hard for him to judge when it will end. Thus, a director will "come out of a news film" and cut to the newscaster whom we find—instead of being his confident, smiling self—hunched over a script, peering through thick glasses and reading the copy blindly.

Continued on page 31



the  
camera  
and the  
woman

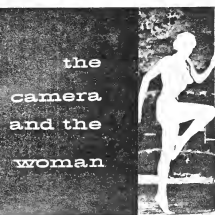
Take a light-proof box,  
a lens, a sensitized plate  
and a ray or two of light.

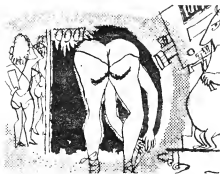
Take also a long-limbed

Daughter of Eve,  
bronzed from the summer sun.

The result:  
a photographic study that reflects  
beauty, sensitivity, quiet dignity.







## THOSE HILARIOUS TV BLOOPERS

Continued from page 27

Or, as often happened to Swayze, and his CBS competition, Doug Edwards, there would come the lead-in line "and now for a report from Washington, we switch to the nation's capitol and David Brinkley." And there Swayze would sit, with the egg running down his chin, while he waited for the split-second switch that stretched to ten seconds to be made. And ten seconds is an awful long time to eat egg.

The long-lines division of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has had a hand in some of the most monumental sight and sound fluffs of all time.

It was through a mixup somewhere along the line that NBC carried the picture of its Friday night fights—and the voice of Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" from CBS. You should have heard what the sponsor had to say about that one!

Commercial fluffs are more frightening than anything else, since a sponsor usually demands that he be given another spot free in return for the one that was boo-hoo'd—and he usually gets it too.

There was, for example, the classic that occurred on a large eastern station in the early days of television.

A well-known conservative manufacturer of a wall-cleanser had finally been persuaded by his advertising agency to give TV a whirl.

The afternoon of the new show, the personality who was to give the commercial worked for hours with the advertising agency men—putting a dirt spot on the wall, applying the cleanser to a cloth, giving his pitch and at the same time, looking straight into the camera and not at the spot, wiping the spot off a studio wall.

About 15 minutes before the commercial was to go on the air, the spot was put back on the wall, a clean cloth and a can of the product put on

the table, and the personality went out of the studio to apply his make-up.

Finally the commercial went on the air, with the announcer giving his big pitch, dipping the clean cloth into the cleaner and wiping away at the spot, all the time smiling into the camera.

But as he wiped—nothing happened. For in the fifteen minutes he had been away, the studio had been in use, and the hot lights had baked the spot right into the wall—where only dynamite could have removed it.

The spot is still on the studio wall—a monument to one of the greatest fluffs of all. A once-in-a-million sight and sound blooper gave ulcers to three ad agency men, a station sales rep and a high-priced performer, none of whom have been the same since. The story:

The agency had developed a new commercial for the client, a manufacturer of puncture-proof tires.

The whole commercial was built around the visual gimmick of the performer sticking a pin into an inflated balloon in a spot that had been coated with the same sealing material used to make the tire puncture-proof.

There was a close-up of the pin to show it was real, then a close-up of the pin moving into the balloon, and a long shot of the personality holding the still inflated balloon at arm's length with the pin still sticking out of the top.

In rehearsal, the announcer had broken three balloons, until it was found that the sealant patches were only loosely attached to the balloon, leaving a space between the two, thus letting the pin break the balloon.

He was understandably nervous when he went on the air despite the assurances of all concerned that the trouble was remedied.

The camera moved in for the close-up of the pin, clearly showed the shaking of the personality's hand as he inserted the pin. Suddenly the mike picked up a loud bang that could only be the sound of a breaking balloon—but the balloon in the personality's hand was still intact. Visibly shaken, he went through with the commercial, and collapsed in a heap after the show.

The noise? The entire crew, and everyone else in the studio was questioned thoroughly—but they never did find out who deliberately broke a balloon within mike range just as the pin slid into the puncture-proof material on camera.

Closeup shots of fans at sports events are usually banned now because of an incident that happened several years ago at a professional football game opening coast to coast.

The carried kickoff of the game had been returned for a touchdown

on a run that went 101 yards—but a minor rule infraction was called by an official nullifying the spectacular return.

The hometown crowd was violently shouting its protest, and the director called for a crowd shot by a field camera located near the stands.

The cameraman concentrated on a group of howling fans close to the camera, and caught a particular irate man giving his considered opinion of the referee and his ancestors.

Fortunately, there was no microphone near him, but there was no doubt about the words he was using—and his vocabulary was not the kind one would expect to hear in a Sunday school.

Since then, the only crowd shots have been from far enough away so that lip reading is impossible.

Off the cuff interview shows are a constant source of worry to the interviewers.

On one network show, a youngster was in a contest, trying to win a bed. During the questioning, the interviewer asked why he was so anxious for a bed, since this was not usually a thing that a child would care to win.

A closeup of the child showed the look of extreme innocence as he told the master of ceremonies that he thought it would be nice for his uncle Bob to have when he came to visit so that the uncle could have his own bed instead of having to share Mom's. Hundreds of thousands of people in living rooms all over the country heard that one!

Shows which originated from localities other than studios, and are of spontaneous action, always give TV men the heebie-jeebies.

It is extremely difficult, for example, for cameramen to make the split-second adjustments necessary to follow a baseball from the time it is hit until the play is completed.

Unless one camera can take in all the action, i. e., when a ball is hit to the shortstop and then thrown to first, there is always a chance the camera will get behind the play. As a result, during a fly ball to left-center for example, the director will call for the outfield camera to cut to the center fielder. The camera may have been focused on the left fielder, and by the time it traverses to pick up the center fielder, the ball may already be back into the infield, and another play started there, leaving the cameraman and the director far behind the commentator.

Football also gives plenty of chance for trouble.

Once the play starts, the commen-

Continued on next page





## THOSE HILARIOUS TV BLOOPERS

tator has no time to look at the monitor. He must assume that the camera is following the play. It often happens that tricky ball handling in the backfield fools the TV cameraman as well as the opposing team. And while the commentator is extolling the virtues of television which enables the viewer to see the great deception used in the play that resulted in the touchdown, the camera may be concentrating on a pileup at mid-field where the fake ball carrier, who fooled the lineman and the TV cameras had been tackled as the real play went on elsewhere.

"On location" shows have their troubles too. An alert cameraman once saved a real sight fluff when he noted a dog heading for a fireplug with a gleam in his eye just as the camera focused on the area went live. The director, several hundred feet away in a remote truck, couldn't see the dog coming, and couldn't understand why the camera he had just switched to had gone blank, but quickly called for another camera to pick up another part of the activity.

He didn't find out until much later that the cameraman had put his hand in front of the lens just as the dog reached the hydrant, figuring that was the best thing to do. And it was, thanks to Fido.

A few years back, one of the remote shows went to a large military installation to do a live telecast of a parachute jump. A thick fog blanketed the jump area but, because there were several officer trainees in the area to witness the jump, every effort was being made to bring it off on schedule. The television people decided to do their own filling-in from the site rather than take a chance on missing the jump which could come off at any time.

A paratrooper officer was asked to come before the cameras and explain the things a jumper must do on his way down.

The officer brought a tully-rigged trooper with him, and began a discussion of pulling the ripcord. The trooper pulled the cord on schedule—but nothing happened. He stood there looking stupidly at the cord in his hand—and the officer lost his head. Covering up the mike that was hooked to a loudspeaker for the troops, but completely forgetting the mike for the

TV show he had around his neck, he hissed at the trooper "Pull the emergency chute you dumb — — —!"

To make matters worse, at that same instant, a flight of jet planes, which were part of the exercises and had not been notified of the time change, came howling out of the fog in a simulated strafing run over the field, whipping along at about 500 mph.

The director frantically began cutting in cameras, trying to show something of the jets, and in quick order, there flashed across TV screens all over the country, pictures of:

(a) a cameraman sprawled full-length across the top of a roof on a building in the drop zone, frightened half out of his wits by the sudden appearance of the jets, which had flashed past him only about 50 feet above his head.

(b) the officer chewing out the enlisted man who still hadn't pulled his emergency chute.

(c) a wisp of smoke from the jet trails barely visible in the fog from the roof-top camera which was pointed straight up, the cameraman still getting over his shock.

One of the most embarrassing fluffs—and, to the television industry in general, the most frightening—happened not in a remote location, nor on a one-horse station, but right on

the show that captured the most Emmy awards this past season—Playhouse 90.

It was during this show, with the highest priced talent both before and behind the cameras, that it happened.

For a minute or so, the stage sound went dead—and all that went over the air was the roaring sound of recorded laughter used on the show.

The next day brought howls of many kinds—of derision from critics, of anger from viewers and, from the industry itself, fright.

If this could happen on a top show like Playhouse 90, reasoned the industry, would anyone working with a low-budget show ever be able to take the chance of using canned laughter again?

There is still some debate on this matter and it won't be decided until the fall, when the big network shows return from their summer hiatus.

If they come back minus canned laughter—then it must be considered a triumph for that little green man with the pink hair and purple eyes who runs around television studios making stage hands go to the wrong places and cameras to show embarrassing views of beauty contestants.

In short—this little man, he he ghost or pixie, has raised more havoc in the television industry than all the sponsors put together—plus his father who became famous on radio. ▲



"Well folks,  
I guess  
this ends  
our  
Amateur  
Talent Show  
for  
tonight . . .!"

# after hours

## LIMERICKS

There was a young lady named Smith,  
Whose virtue was largely a myth.  
She said, "Try as I can  
I can't find a man  
Whom it's fun to be virtuous with!"

There once was a man named Putter,  
Who pickled his tonsils in butter,  
Thus changing his snore  
From a thunderous roar  
To an oleomargarine mutter.

There was an old man from Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket.  
His daughter, Nan,  
Ran away with a man,  
And as for the bucket—Nantucket.

A college man from Monticello  
Was really a terrible fellow.  
In the midst of caresses  
He fills ladies dresses  
With garter snakes, ice cubes and jello.

There was a young lady of Wooster,  
Who dreamed that a rooster  
seduced her.  
She awoke with a scream,  
But 'twas only a dream—  
The rooster had no more than  
goosed her.

A lady, athletic and handsome,  
Got wedged in a sleeping  
room transom.  
When she offered much gold  
For her release, she was told,  
"The view is worth more than the  
ransom!"



AFTER HOURS wants to make you five dollars richer by using your favorite limericks on our Limerick Page. Send them to Limerick Editor, AFTER HOURS, 1054 East Upstal Street, Philo. 50, Pa. In case of duplicates, payment goes to the one with the earliest postmark. All limericks remain the property of the editor, who will try them on his secretary first.

# THE SENSATIONAL SWEDE

Probably a million words have been written about the Eckberg from Sweden named Anita. As a result there is hardly a red-blooded male in America today who is not somewhat familiar with the highlights of this captivating beauty's meteoric rise to the position of Glamour Goddess of our time. Well formed, well flavored, possessed of radiance and gorgeousness that is striking to behold, Anita remains as Sweden's brilliant example of all that is good in the feminine department.

The following pictures were taken on the Paramount Studios lot, where Anita currently pursues the career of Hollywood movie queen.



# SENSATIONAL SWEDE



*the one . . .*

*the only . . .*

*the magnificent*

**BETTIE PAGE**





*A top model, Bettie wins unanimous  
acclaim for the Pin-Up Hall of Fame*

CONTINUED



# BETTIE PAGE



# Artists have a Ball



THE New York Art Students League Ball and the Artists Equiity Ball are two annual affairs that are high on the list of every true AFTER HOURS devotee.

Accordingly, our photographers were on hand at both these gala events to record the brilliant mad-cap spectrum of brief costumes and Bohemian madness. The Art Students Ball had as its theme the Middle Ages, and all costumes were symbolic of that colorful period in history.

(Cont. on Page 44)





ARTISTS

BALL

## HAVE A



Statuesque redhead Tina Louise reigned as Queen of the Ball and was carried into the ballroom astride a huge golden dragon, supported by six costumed "slaves." Preceding Queen Tina's regal parade were six gorgeous ladies-in-waiting, all costumed in reveling palace attire of the Middle Ages, resembling what might be described as a sexy Lady Guinivere.

The Artists Equity party acclaimed 21-year-old figure model Pamela Perry as Queen of the 'Bal Fantastique', as hundreds of high-spirited revelers transformed New York's staid Waldorf-Astoria Grand ballroom into an artists wonderland of uninhibited merrymaking.



# BROADWAY after hours

By  
JOEY SASSO

**MANHATTAN ALLEY:** Steve Allen describes a guy regarded as the cream of society: "And, like the cream, he's usually found at the top of the bottle" . . . Gypsy Rose Lee in Europe publicizing her best-selling auto-bio, . . . Bing Crosby has been announced for the first Frank Sinatra show this Fall . . . Jackie Gleason was riding in a cab up Broadway recently when the hackie suddenly



JACKIE GLEASON

slowed and veered to miss a pedestrian. Safely past, the driver turned to Gleason and said, somewhat apologetically: "If you hit 'em, you have to make out a report" . . . Lovely Micki Marlo has a new ABC-Paramount disc due out soon with HIT written all over it . . .

**MORE GREENWICH VILLAGE** bistros being converted to off-Broadway "Little Theaters" . . . Pamela Perry, fem song-plugger for Sammy Davis, Jr., works part-time as a photographers' model. Quite a flash in the pan . . . Dick Haymes blacklisted from a number of night clubs in Manhattan. Reason: Low Dun & Brad rating . . . Garbo seen frequently lately in some of the smarter rooms around New York town . . . Mickey Cohen, torbibly silent, since his faux pax on Mike Wallace's coast-to-coast TV show . . . Danny Kaye nixed a fabulous deal to do an hour-and-a-half color spectacular on TV . . . Crooner Alan Dale packaging his own video vehicle for this Fall . . . Stripper Lili St. Cyr looking for a legitimate play to do on the main stem with all her clothes on, for a change

**WANDERING TROUBADOUR** Burl Ives got himself a piece of floating real estate off the Bahamas .

Calypso may be the greatest to State-side stompers but the cool cats from the Caribbean look at it now as a "No-where Kick" and strictly for the tourist trade. Said a dusky denizen, "I can't stand Calypso. We like the American tourist but why do they have to insist on Calypso every minute they're down here. Give me rock and roll any day" . . . The majority of crooners perched on top of the waiting wall these days are under 21 as are the writers of such hit tunes as "Ninety-Nine Ways," "Party Doll," "Young Love" and "Singing the Blues". Some of the pros in 1st Pan Alley are wondering if they aren't getting too old for the business . . .

Tommy Dorsey's tombstone has a full-size reproduction of his trombone carved out of stone. Also engraved in the memorial are several bars of "Getting Sentimental Over You." . . . **A PROMINENT BREWERY** company is investing \$1,600,000 to promote the singing career of an unknown by the name of Steve Schulte

**JOHNNY RAY** to undergo surgery in hope of restoring his hearing . . . Is automation making disc-jockeys obsolete? Several stations around the country are beginning to air records sans words . . . Because Anita, Gina, Jayne and Sophia have contributed such an up-lifting influence to the current Bosom Boom in Hollywood, starlets with less than a 38 bust have little chance for a screen test nowadays. So, who is it that does the measuring? . . . Old Benny Goodman sextet records are the hottest items in the Russian Black Market . . .



LILI ST. CYR

# THE READERS WRITE

I've just finished reading your No. 3 issue, and would like to say that **AFTER HOURS** makes some of the other magazines in the field look sick. The articles and fiction make excellent reading and the photo stories are much more interesting than those of your competition. As a professional photographer I especially liked your presentation of Joan Arnold by Sam Paxton, and would enjoy seeing a similar spread on the work of photographer Bunny Yeager.

Don Costello  
New Orleans, Louisiana

*Request granted! A folio of studies by Bunny Yeager is scheduled to appear in a forthcoming issue.*

"Lost Vegas," the humorous piece in your last issue, was a riot! I can see this story in movie form, starring Spencer Tracy as Buck, with Ernest Borgnine as his sidekick and Marilyn Monroe as Sherry.

Jesse Gabriel  
Chicago, Illinois

Your Las Vegas issue was really a masterpiece! I recently spent a week in Vegas, and can tell you that your Folio Section covered everything worth seeing in this town. How about showing a Folio on Paris?

Sam Flaxman  
Detroit, Michigan  
*You're in luck: we're covering Paris in our European Folio next issue.*

Your article on Gina Lollobrigida and her screen sisters in Italy was really the most. I lived in Rome for a year and have seen my share of Italian movies, and I can tell you that when it comes to sheer realism Hollywood should go back to selling popcorn.

Why do our so-called movie censors object to bare bosoms on the screen and yet condone the showing of the undraped form as seen in our art museums and photography exhibits? Are we a nation of hypocrites or is it that we have not quite grown up yet?

More power to you for providing intelligent and informative articles that reflect life as it really is—and not as some fanatic, overrighteous censors would have us believe.

Bernard Dinerman  
Baltimore, Maryland

*Bernard, take a bow. Needless to say, AFTER HOURS agrees with you 100%.*

# IT'S A DATE!

... for the next issue  
of AFTER HOURS

... featuring a tour  
of Europe's spiciest  
cities—with the accent  
on PARIS, of course!

... unusual fiction  
and cartoons—with the  
CONTINENTAL TOUCH

... o profile on TV's  
controversial MIKE WALLACE

... special features on  
WEST COAST STRIPPERS—  
highlighting the Queens of the  
Pacific Coast's Pageant of Peelery



## Don't Miss NEXT ISSUE

The  
continental  
touch  
in Italy



## Don't Miss NEXT ISSUE

Mike Wallace  
at the mike



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BEAUTIES & BEASTS  
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## after hours

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after hours

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# after hours

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